

CURED ITCHING HUMOR

Big, Painful Swellings Broke and Did Not Heal—Suffered 3 Years—Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"Little black swellings were scattered over my face and neck and they would leave little black scars that would itch so I couldn't keep from scratching them. Larger swellings would appear and my clothes would stick to the sores. I went to a doctor, but the trouble only got worse. By this time it was all over my arms and the upper part of my body in swellings as large as a dollar. It was so painful that I could not bear to lie on my back. The second doctor stopped the swellings, but when they broke the places would not heal. I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and in less than a week some of the places were nearly well. I continued until I had used three sets, and now I am sound and well. The disease lasted three years. O. L. Wilson, Puryear, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1908. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

No British sovereign has vetoed a Parliamentary bill for the last 197 years.

People Talk About Good Things.

Twelve years ago few people knew of such a preparation as a Powder for the Feet. To-day, after the genuine merits of Allen's Foot-Ease have been told year after year by grateful persons, it is indispensable to millions. It is cleanly, wholesome, healing and antiseptic and gives rest and comfort to tired aching feet. It cures while you walk. Over 30,000 testimonials. Imitations pay the dealer a large profit, otherwise you would never be offered a substitute for Allen's Foot-Ease, the original foot powder. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, and see that you get it.

The Family Martyr.

Father—"My boy, you should give up this fast living. Don't you realize what an effect it has on the younger children?"

Worthless Son—"But, father, we must have one member of the family to hold up as an example."—Brooklyn Life.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay to the Ohio Dispensary, Inc. one hundred dollars for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D., 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

About 600 patents are granted each year to British women upon inventions ranging from articles distinctly feminine in nature to motors, railroad cars, flying machines and wireless telegraphy.

VIRGINIA MERCHANT RID OF A VERY BIG GRAVEL STONE.

Another Remarkable Cure of Serious Kidney Trouble.

C. L. Wood, a prominent merchant of Fentress, Norfolk Co., Va., was suffering some months ago with frequent attacks of hard pain in the back, kidneys and bladder, and the kidney secretions were irregularly scanty, or profuse. Medical treatment failed to cure him.

"At last," says Mr. Wood, "I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and before one box was gone, I went through four days of intense pain, finally passing a stone, one-half by five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. I haven't had a sign of kidney trouble since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Steamboat Whistle.

Have you ever wondered what sounds travel the furthest? If you live in a great city you are constantly enveloped in such a multitude of noises that it is very seldom that any particular one attracts the attention unless it be unusually sharp or strident, and although piercing, such a sound is not likely to carry any great distance. The higher notes are exceedingly penetrating for a short radius, and unquestionably more startling than the lower ones, but the latter are much more far-reaching.

The ability of a sound to carry depends upon its vibrations, and any one who has listened to the deep notes of a pipe organ in a church will admit that he could almost feel the air vibrate. But probably a steamboat whistle, such as are common on the Ohio and Mississippi packets, can be heard as far as any sound that may ordinarily be met with. The deep resonance of its tones floating steadily out into the air, seem to stretch away indefinitely into space, especially in the stillness of a night in the country. It is a sound that cannot be mistaken for any other, and when once its acquaintance has been made you will never forget it.—Harper's Weekly.

The Tariff.

"The tariff is a wonderful institution," said the earnest citizen. "Yep," answered Farmer Cornstassel. "It's more than wonderful. It's an unprecedented marvel. It's the only thing I ever heard of that our Congressman was afraid to talk about."—Washington Star.

Wilds of California.

While the great explorers of the age are going forth to discover what the Arctic regions, the Himalaya heights, the Arabian deserts and the mysterious depths of Tibet have so far kept from the eyes of civilized man, it may be interesting to Californians to know that here in their own State there are tracts that are still as wide as any of those in Africa or Asia and about which comparatively little is known.—Sacramento Union.

Sustaining Life.

Mrs. Andrew Crosse, in her Reminiscences, describes an old nurse, born at Broomfield, who lived to be nearly a hundred. "All her life she had eaten 'a dew bit and breakfast, a stay bit and dinner, a nommet and crummet and a bit after supper,' eight meals in all. Besides this it was her invariable custom to mix together all the doctors' stuff left after an illness in the house and swallow it, on the principle that what had cost money should not be wasted."—London Chronicle.

THE CARAVAN.

Came a slow, weary caravan along the desert's bitter way. And many hearts grew sick and yearned for promise of a sweeter day. Then lo, the mirage sprang to birth, a city of iridescent dreams, Whose rosy light, from Beauty's sun, through walls of flowers sifts and gleams.

"Tis but the desert's lie!" some cried. The wiser answered: "Nay! Not so! 'Tis the reflection, snatched afar, from genuine scenes that truly glow."

Came a slow, tired caravan along the desert ways of sorrow; Then lo, a mirage sprang to birth, bright pictures Heaven's promise showed.

"Tis but religion's lie," some cried. The wiser answered: "Nay! Know ye—'Tis the reflection snatched afar by Life from Immortality!"

—Clinton Dangerfield, in Ainslee's.

The Day the River Rose.

By Margaret Whitney.

"Let's go fishing when we finish this job," said Fred to Joe one day, when they were plowing corn down by the river, which ran along one side of their father's farm.

"That is just what I was thinking of," said Joe. "This is a good day for fishing, and we can stay several hours, for supper will be late because father and mother will not be home early."

The boys had been alone all day, for their father had some business to attend to in the city about five miles away and their mother had gone with him. The boys had nearly finished the field they were plowing, and their father had told them that they need not try to do anything else until he could help them the next day.

Fred was sixteen and Joe was about two years younger. They were strong, active, wide-awake boys, and could look out for themselves on most occasions. Their home was pleasant; they had games and books for their leisure time and a father and mother who sympathized with them in their plans and were training them to be useful, happy men.

As there were no girls in the family the boys had been taught to work in the house as well as in the field, and when their mother was gone for a day now and then they could very easily get their own dinner. This is what they had done to-day, but their mother would be home to get the supper, so they had nothing to do after the corn was finished but to fish or do anything they liked.

When the horses were unhitched and put in the barn the boys looked up their poles and lines and started for the river. The banks of the river were grown up with trees covered with wild grape vines in places, and between the trees the river could be seen sparkling in the sunlight. The river was quite wide, and while it spread out over flat land, yet there were places where it was ten or twelve feet deep.

Both boys could swim like fish, so their parents never felt any alarm when they went to the river, and they had gone fishing by themselves for years. They went down where their boat was tied, but Fred said he was going to have a swim before he began to fish. Joe took the boat and paddled up stream for a little distance to a sheltered place rather out of the current of the river and then threw out his line. He had no luck at first, but soon the fish began to bite, and he caught several fine ones. He suddenly noticed that the water was very muddy and was rising rapidly. He found at the same time that he was being borne down stream by a strong current, while branches of trees, rails and an occasional log went by.

Joe knew what this meant, for several times since they had lived along this river there had been heavy rains farther up the water course, and the river had one time risen ten feet in a few hours. It had gone rushing and tearing along with a muddy, swollen stream, while along its lower course there had been no rain. After several attempts to use the oars he found that they were useless, for he was borne along with the rapid current, and before he was aware he had passed the place where Fred had been bathing.

Fred was on the bank dressing, and saw Joe go by. Joe did not see him, for he was occupied in trying to keep the boat steady. He knew there was danger of the boat running against a log or of a log bumping into the boat and upsetting it. He was powerless to help himself, and hoped that the boat might be driven into some bend in the river where the current was not so swift, and then he could use the oars to reach the shore.

When Fred saw Joe float past him he called to him, to let him know that he would help him, but Joe had been too much occupied in keeping the boat straight, and did not hear him.

Fred hardly knew what to do, but he thought a rope would be a good thing to have, so he ran to the barn as fast as he could to get a long heavy rope which they used for various purposes, and which was lying on the floor. Then, before jumping on the horse, which he planned to ride along the road to a place where it ran parallel with the river, he wrote a short note to his father and mother, telling where he had gone, and put it where they would find it as soon as they got home. Then with coil of rope on his arm he mounted the horse and galloped down the road.

All this took some time, and his great fear was that Joe might be upset in the river or that he might not reach the place where the road met the river before Joe went by. He knew the boat was large and flat, and not easily upset, but Joe might get excited and turn it over accidentally. The place Fred wanted to reach was several miles down stream, but as the river made three or four turns the road was more direct, and he hoped to get there in time.

All this time Joe was being swept along with the swollen current. He knew he would pass houses that were close to the river, but doubted if he could make the occupants hear him if he called for help. He also remembered the place where the river ran along the road, and thought some-

one might pass as he went along. The bank between the road and river was very steep, and the river made an abrupt turn. When Joe reached this place he found that he was not drifting with the rapid current, but was being swept toward a clump of trees that usually stood on the bank of the river, but which now had a wide stream flowing on the other side of them. Joe knew that if the boat should be swept against these trees it would soon fill with water and be swamped, but he was helpless to avert it, and hoped to be able to grasp one of the trees and climb to a safe height when the boat sank.

Fred was already on the bank looking anxiously up the stream when Joe and the boat began to drift toward the trees. He saw the danger, and, taking a heavy piece of wood which was lying near, he tied it to the end of the rope, and was ready to throw it when the boat struck the trees. Joe had not seen his brother, but Fred called to him to catch the rope when he threw it.

The first time he threw the rope it missed the boat, but he rapidly hauled it in and tried again. This time he threw it a little above the boat, and as the piece of wood to which it was fastened came floating past Joe he caught it, and as quickly as possible fastened the rope to the boat. Then taking an oar he pushed the boat gently away from the trees, against which it had lodged, and Fred hauled it toward the shore.

The bank was quite steep here, but Fred wrapped the rope around the body of a tree and let the other end down for Joe to hold on to while he helped him up. Joe's clothes were literally soaked, but before going home they hauled the heavy boat down stream to a more sheltered place, where there was not so much danger of its being smashed by logs running into it; then they started for home, both riding on one horse.

They had not gone far when they saw their father and mother coming to meet them; and they were very thankful parents who saw the two boys coming along together. The story was soon told and they all went gladly home.

The high water subsided after a while, and in about a week the boys went down the river to the place where they had tied the boat on that eventful day and took it back to its old place.

For a long time the boys' mother never liked to have them go to the river, and insisted on having the boat sold. The boys were busy at this time, and did not go to the river for a long time, and when they went back the boat was gone. The chain by which it had been fastened was broken and it was never heard of. The boys missed the boat very much, and planned in many ways to get another.

The next spring, when the weather was fine, their father went to town one day and brought home a new boat in the wagon. Their mother insisted that one boy must not go out by himself in the boat, to which the brothers readily agreed. The new boat was tied up at the old landing place, and when the boys are not needed for work they spend many hours rowing along the river, going many miles in each direction.—Young People's Paper.

Love Among Alligators.

"Now is the mating time among the alligators," said the man with the alligator bag. "The Everglades day and night resound with the deep bel-lows of bull alligators serenading the females of their choice."

"The bull makes a good, true husband. The female makes a devoted wife and mother. The home nest is built of sticks and mud, oval in shape and a yard or more long, on the banks of some slimy stream. The eggs number two or three dozen—eggs twice as long as a hen's but no bigger around. They hatch of their own accord. They don't need to be sat on. Isn't it convenient?"

"The father and mother alligators swim and hunt at their ease in the stagnant water, and every day or so they climb up the muddy bank and see how their thirty-six eggs are getting on. The eggs get on all right till hatching time, when the alligator dealer carries them off in an alligator bag."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Grain Growing in Alaska.

"Agriculture in Alaska will become as great a source of wealth as gold or copper," said R. W. Wiley, who has a mining camp at the head of the White River in that Territory. "There are numerous extensive farms in the Pelly River valley on the Canadian side, where the finest grain is grown. I know of one ranch of 100 acres in that section which the owner planted in oats, and last year the crop was 6000 bushels. When it is considered that these oats bring as high as six cents a pound it can be figured what an immense income can be derived."

"In my section there are no railroads, and the people are practically isolated from the rest of the world for several months during the winter season. They get no mail of any kind. There are hundreds up there who do not know yet who is President, and they will not know until they come down in the spring."—Washington Post.

All Mirrors Lie.

"Everybody is better looking than the mirror makes him," said a milliner. "The mirror robs us of our expression and of our coloring, and expression and color are to the face's beauty what the legs are to the figure."

"First, our expression. When we look into a mirror our eyes take on a glassy stare and our mouths a curious and sad droop. Really we never look like that save when we are going to be ill."

"Then our coloring. All mirrors have a pale green tinge, and this tinge makes even the purest rose leaf complexion muddy. It takes the gloss from the hair, the brilliancy from the eyes and the scarlet from the lips."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Woman's Realm

The Bandanna Turban. It may be true that the famous wit of Paris, Mme. de Stael, wore the wrapped turban and gave it her name, but in America it looks much more like the bandannas of other days worn by negro house servants.

A Queen's Scrapbook.

Queen Maud of Norway keeps a scrapbook bearing the inscription on the cover, "Things We Have Not Said and Done," in which she has pasted newspaper cuttings giving stories about herself and her husband which have their foundation only in the imagination of enterprising journalists.

Extravagance.

Beautiful dressing is an art, says a woman's journal. The world would lose something of its grace and charm without it. Men have left off wearing picturesque and lovely clothes; really somebody must do it. Is extravagance in woman's dress so very wicked, then?—New Haven Register.

Women Wore Masks.

In the seventeenth century women wore masks in public. Women who had "corallin" lips preferred short masks. For others who wished to cover the lower part of the face the mask was made complete, with a chin piece of linen. In 1632 a new mask called the mimì, from the Italian mimics, became the rage among the progressive court beauties. It was the cause of many violent quarrels between the dames who contended for the old masks and those who were for novelty. A few years later it became a fashion to trim the upper part of the mask with a ruche of lace, to lengthen it with a beard of the same material, with lace to the borders of the

er, scarcely affording a glimpse of the hair.

Then, again, the hat of huge circumference is still a la mode, and toques are seen, so that no one can complain of lack of variety in fashionable headgear just now.—Philadelphia Record.

What We May See.

As the curtain descended upon the first act, she arose abruptly, and with ill-concealed impatience.

"Sorry, dear," she began brusquely, "but I shall have to leave you for a few moments. It is absolutely imperative that I should see a woman outside." And without waiting for remonstrance, or meeting the appealing, reproachful gaze turned to hers, she extracted her hat and cane and departed.

A vague sense of hurt and disappointment crept over the young husband but a few short weeks. He looked about him. All over the theatre were men lonely as himself, fanning themselves with forced smiles, waiting patiently till their escort should return. He remembered his dear father's parting advice, and his soft eyes slowly filled.

After all, perhaps he alone had been to blame. It was the first evening in a fortnight she had spared him from her club—and he had conducted such a dear little supper to please her! But he had been late in dressing and had sent her back at the last moment for his gloves.

Not until the very close did she reappear. Then, as she assisted him to the carriage a fresh misgiving smote him suddenly.

"Darling—" he began, falteringly. "Now, Herbert, don't be foolish! I hate a scene," she interrupted hastily.

Our Cut-out Recipe.

Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Katy's Gingerbread.—Beat a fresh egg until it is very stiff. Add half a cupful of brown sugar and mix well. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and six tablespoonfuls of bacon fat into a pan and melt them together on the stove. Stir this in with the sugar and egg. Before you do anything more, be sure that the oven is hot, and that you have ready a good-sized shallow baking pan, smeared on the inside with butter. Put a cupful of black molasses into the mixture and beat for two minutes with a wooden spoon. Take another bowl and sift into it with a flour sifter two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of allspice and one-half teaspoonful of ginger; stir this slowly into the mixture in the other bowl, and beat for three minutes; if it is not thick and stiff, stir a little more flour, perhaps one-quarter of a cupful, and add it, mixing well. Dissolve a teaspoonful of cooking soda in a cup of boiling water; add this quickly to the mixture and beat again for three minutes. Now pour it all into the buttered pan, and set it carefully into a hot oven. Bake for twelve minutes and use straw test to see if it's done.—Delineator.

eye-holes. Young ladies of that period, however, contented themselves with covering their faces simply with a piece of black crape, to be coquetish rather than masked.—New York Press.

Top Notch of Fashion.

Within a few years there has been a remarkable growth of tearooms in Paris.

For years the only one was Neale's. Neale long kept the only English bookstore in Paris, and over it he had a tearoom, where the English papers were on file.

Printed injunctions of "Silence" were hung about, interspersed with illuminated texts from the Bible. It was a most incongruous spot in Paris, which is singularly ignorant of both silence and the Bible.

Now, however, English tearooms are springing up all over Paris. They exist for tea alone. From four to six English specialties can be obtained, like toasted muffins and scones. There is music, and some of them are exceedingly fashionable.

At Rumpelmeyer's women dressed by the great modistes are sent every day to advertise the toilettes of the house by wearing them through the tea hours. Even the men are beginning to desert absinthe and frequent the tearooms in great numbers.

A curious inference of the new institution upon ancient customs is that the French woman may go alone to the English tearooms; the first public eating place in Paris, according to the Travel Magazine, in which the privilege has been hers. It is the English woman's contribution to the emancipation of her sisters across the Channel.

Quaintly Shaped Headgear.

In a recent article by an eminent painter on the subject of dress, one chanced upon the following sentence: "The longing in the male breast for self-expressive color recurs with the spring; it blossoms out in shirts of tender hue, half hidden * * * beneath an outward conformity in clothes enforced by the habits of our time," which set one wondering what effect was produced by the same longing in the female breast. It usually takes the form of the purchase of a new spring hat! Fortunately for us, our means of self-expression through color are infinitely wide and varied, and never have they been more so than at the present moment. It seems quite certain that a great many quaint bonnet shapes will be worn during the ensuing months. Some of these are decidedly pretty, and the fashion is one which opens up great possibilities for the exercise of taste. For instance, the bonnet may merely be a flower trimmed straw with ribbon streamers, or it may be a much more elaborate affair fashioned in some soft fabric, gathered and pleated to suit the face of the wearer. Ribbon is sure to be freely used as a trimming, and the style has every indication of being far more becoming than the enormous beehive hats, for instance, which are bizarre, but scarcely beautiful, overpowering but seldom pleasing. A number of these, however, were seen the other day at a private view. They are tremendously high in the crown, and reach almost down to the eyes of the wear-

With the Funny Fellow

Woman. Oh, woman, you are charming, And poets long have sung Their sweetest verses to you In every written tongue; But none of them has ever Told why it is that you Will always leave a street-car at one door.

—W. J. Lampton, in Success Magazine.

A Correction.

"I'm living in Providence now." "Are you?" "No; R. I."—Princeton Tiger.

Elephantine.

At the Zoo. Small boy offering the elephant a bun. Fond Parent (warningly)—"Mind 'e don't sting yer, Willie!"—Tit-Bits.

The Weary Medic.

"Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis to-day?" "Naw. I'm tired of these organ recitals."—Cornell Widow.

Dot's Easy.

"Vot's the difference between capital unt labor?" "Capital don't haf ter labor, unt labor don't haf ter capital."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Deceived.

"Never in my life have I deceived my wife." "Same here. Mine only pretends to believe the yarns I tell."—Washington Herald.

Robbed.

He—"That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool fifty thousand." She—"How could he?" He—"Wouldn't let me marry his daughter."—New York Journal.

Determined on Disturbance.

"Since local option prevailed you have been drinking ice cream soda." "Yes," answered Colonel Stillwell; "if I can't have a headache I'll buy a stomach-ache."—Washington Star.

It Seldom Rains.

Bloobs—"Buggins says he believes in putting something by for a rainy day." Slobbs—"Yes, and his wife spends most of her time praying for rain."—Philadelphia Record.

Clever.

"She's a very clever woman." "Is that so?" "Yes, she can keep her husband at home evenings without resorting to any of the tricks suggested by the women's magazines."—Detroit Free Press.

Rapid Progress.

"Has the son you sent away to college got his degree yet?" "I should say so. Why he wrote last week that the faculty had called him in and given him the third degree. That boy's ambitious."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Diagnosis.

Fond Mother (to eye specialist)—"Doctor, one of Ralph's eyes is ever so much stronger than the other. How do you account for that?" Specialist—"Knothole in the baseball fence last summer, madam."—Circle Magazine.

A Clear Conscience.

"Do you ever abuse that mule of yours?" asked the kind-hearted woman. "Lan' sakes, miss," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I should say not. Dat mule has had me on de defensive foh de las' six years."—Washington Star.

Business.

"Why don't you write something that will live?" asked the critical friend. "Don't display your ignorance," replied the self-satisfied author. "Don't you know that most of the works that lived were originally accounted among the worst sellers?"—Washington Star.

Didn't Care to Return.

Doorkeeper (at bum play)—"Don't you want to come back?" Victim—"No!" Doorkeeper—"Well, take this pass check anyway. You can hand it to some one outside." Victim—"My dear fellow, I haven't an enemy in the world."—Kansas City Journal.

Annoying.

"Why does your Excellency look so annoyed?" "News of a revolution has just reached the palace," replied the President of Colombia. "Pooh, that will be over by noon." "I suppose so," snapped the President, petulantly, "but there's a bull fight scheduled for this morning."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Sure Cure.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "when I get too bumptious and haughty and puffed up with the consciousness that I am a citizen of the most progressive nation that ever existed I have an admirable way of bringing myself back to earth again." "What do you do?" "I go to New York and look at the horse cars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

B-z-z-z-z-z!

"My son," said the modern father, who wished to inculcate a great principle, "I bid you look at the busy bee and observe his ways." "Father," said the modern son, who laid aside the shears from his coupon clipping just for a moment, "the busy bee was a goat. He hustled all summer to gather honey and then slept all winter, while a lot of freebooters looted the hive. I have no respect, father, for the busy bee." And so it is ever that our copy books are changing.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

COLDS

CURED IN ONE DAY



Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obdurate Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Price 25c. Have you stiff or swollen joints, no matter how chronic? Ask your druggist for Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy and see how quickly you will be cured. If you have any kidney or bladder trouble get Munyon's Kidney Remedy. Munyon's Vitaliser makes weak men strong and restores lost power.

For Sore Throat

Nothing will do more good in so short a time with so little trouble as

Hale's Honey of Marshmallow and Tar Sold by Druggists

When it aches again try Hale's Throat Drops

The first horse railroad was built in 1826.

A Famous Health Builder.

A medicine that will cleanse the bowels and put the system in condition to do their proper work unaided will do more than anything else to preserve health and strength. Such a medicine is the tonic laxative tea, Laxative Tea, Laxative Tea. Get a 25c. package to-day at any druggist or dealer. No matter what you have tried before, try this famous herb tea.

Cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

When Parliament reassembles a question will, I am informed, be addressed to the First Commissioner of Works regarding the Chapel of the Pyx in the dark cloisters of Westminster Abbey. This ancient vaulted chamber, the opening of which to the public has been often rumored in recent years, was formerly the depository of the regalia of the Scottish kings. Some time ago it was thoroughly cleaned out and the electric light installed. In the lumber removed were many of the old tally sticks with which the national accounts were at one time kept, the immoderate burning of which in a small stove led to the conflagration which consumed the houses of Parliament early in the last century.

Another apartment—mistakenly called the Monk's Cell—close to the historic chapel has also been cleaned out, and it is suggested that this and the other vaults might be used for the exhibition of relics associated with this interesting quarter of the Abbey. These include a stone altar, a stone coffin and some wooden figures of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth. The Pyx chamber has from time immemorial remained in the exclusive possession of the Crown, and its massive door, on the inside of which some fragments of human flesh were at one time to be seen, can only be opened by the officers of the government for the time being.—London Daily News.

Rose That Changes Color.

The changing rose is a plant to the cultivation of which the Japanese devote much attention. It produces a tiny but beautifully formed flower. On being taken suddenly out of a dark place into a sunny room it slowly assumes a pale pink hue, which gradually grows in intensity until it becomes of the deepest red shade. The color vanishes again at night or when the rose is replaced in a dark room.

Well Stocked.

Last summer a typical Downeaster furnished a New York author who had a cottage in a Maine village with farm produce.

One day when the man called with a wagon load of vegetables the author, wishing to make himself agreeable, asked how much stock he kept on his farm.

"Five cows and a bull," enumerated the farmer, "and two yokes of oxen, a calf, a heifer, and three shares of Maine Central."—Youth's Companion.

FOOD FACTS